





## The Dairy.

OFFICE MISSOURI DAIRY ASSOCIATION, 1212 Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo. Norman J. Colman, President; Levi Chubbuck, Secretary.

### MISSOURI DAIRYMEN IN SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by President Norman J. Colman of St. Louis, in whom the association has a special pride because of the fact that he was the first Secretary of Agriculture in the National Government. That honor has generally been accorded to Jerry Rusk, but that is said to be a mistake. President Colman was Commissioner of Agriculture in the first Cleveland administration, when the position was made a Cabinet office, and he served a short time before Mr. Rusk took charge.

Mayor Reed was introduced, and made an address of welcome in which he commended the dairymen for insisting on discriminations that would enable consumers to distinguish between butter and oleo. His words on this subject were greeted with cheers.

In responding, President Colman dwelt on the importance of dairy products to the farmer. He made a vigorous attack on oleo and favored taxing it out of existence.

"We do not produce enough of butter and cheese in our State to supply our own needs," he said. "We are obliged to call on other States. Why should not we be self-sufficient? We should make every effort to raise Missouri to its proper place as a dairy State. Some States give exclusive attention to wheat and grain. The result is bankruptcy. In States where more attention is given to dairy products there are greater evidences of prosperity. We need to develop the dairy interests of our own State. We need a Pure Food and Dairy Commissioner, to know whether we are eating butter or oleo, that has been colored."

President Colman complimented Mayor Reed on his courage for being a candidate in his reference to oleo in a town where it is so extensively manufactured.

Not the least important object of the convention is to aid the dairyman in his business by the reading and discussion of papers on the subject of milk products. The first paper read this afternoon was by W. W. Marple, of Kansas City, on the subject, "What Patrons Should Know." The paper put the delegates in a good humor, and was both entertaining and instructive. There is no limit to the things a dairyman should know. Mr. Marple contended. Although cattle kings and wheat magnates and others looked on the dairy business with contempt and called it a woman's business, it is becoming so important that the successful dairyman stands a chance to become a magnate himself.

"I would have these people know," he said, "that the milkman is as much to be honored as the Congressman; that the boy who drives the milk wagon is entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by the boy who drives an ice wagon, a circus wagon or an automobile. The milkmaid can be just as handsome, just as sweet, just as accomplished and dignified as the housemaid, the waiting maid, the bridesmaid or the old maid. The dairy business has been made fun of, but it has been the most profitable and most interesting, beautifying more homes, brightening more hearts, educating more children, filling more Christmas stockings and making more happiness than any other single industry in the world."

Prof. D. H. Otis, of the Kansas Agricultural College, discussed scrub cows and scrub dairymen.

### AS TO THE GROUT BILL.

Secretary Levi Chubbuck, of the Missouri State Dairy Association, said to-day: "It is not the purpose of the bill to attempt to legislate against the manufacture of oleomargarine. We do not deny that it is a substitute for butter, and passing over any arguments favoring or disfavoring its purity as a food product, we simply demand that 'he who runs may read' and not be deceived into eating it, thinking that it is butter. It is my personal opinion that the makers of oleo, at the outset, sold their product on its own merits, in its natural white color, and as oleo, they would have at the present time a good market for their product, and not necessarily to the detriment of the country butter or lower grades of creamery."

Mr. Chubbuck contends that the range cattle men are the only opponents of the bill, and that their reasons for opposing it have been greatly exaggerated. The feeder of beef cattle for market is not a raiser of calves as a rule, and is, therefore, dependent upon the dairy farmer for his yearly supply of young cattle. The average patron of a creamery or maker of dairy butter now owns a general purpose cow—that is, a cow that will raise calves fit for beef fattening. The grade Shorthorn is considered one of the best of the kind, and that breed is used extensively in many dairy districts. The dairy farmer sells his milk to the creamery, or makes butter from it at home, and sells his calves to the feeder. At present prices he receives about \$60 a year from the milk of a cow and sells the calf at weaning time for about \$15. If present conditions continue and dairying is handicapped, as it has been in recent years, the dairy farmer will either become a competitor of the cattle feeder, fattening his cattle himself, or will necessarily demand a higher price for his calves. He says that by taking the figures ac-

cepted in the House and from them determining the small percentage of beef fat entering into the composition of 100 pounds of oleo, it can be seen readily that the makers of oleo have greatly exaggerated their statements regarding the effect the making of oleo has on the value of beef cattle. The secretary says that oleo is not a poor man's butter and he contends that the greater proportion of it is consumed by the people believing it is butter. There are many instances and illustrations showing that it is substituted for butter without the knowledge of the consumer—Kansas City Star.

### CASEINE INDUSTRY.

In the last ten years the caseine industry of this country has developed into one of the best investments for both the farmer and the manufacturer. It is not so long ago that skim milk and buttermilk were such a drug on the market that they were regarded as food for pigs or as waste substance to be thrown away. This has been changed, and where formerly the dairyman obtained nothing for the liquid, he now converts it into caseine, either in his own dairy, or in a factory owned by the caseine trust. Caseine is an albumen substance, best known to the average citizen in the form of cheese. It contains as much nitrogen as meat; more casein, and much more than fish. Its food value is, therefore, very high. Thus far this feature has not been utilized in the United States, all our own caseine being used for other industries, but vast quantities go to France and Germany. There they are transferred into artificial food. The manufacture is now up in the millions of pounds and is increasing annually. Some is converted into buttons. This is done by mixing the caseine with fine clay and other inorganic materials made into a paste, rolled, stamped and baked. It makes a light, glossy and handsome button, and is much stronger than the one made of cellulose alone. In the matter of small buttons and studs, it can be made iridescent or colored to suit the public fancy, says the New York "Post."

Thus far in our land caseine has been put to low, utilitarian purposes. By chemical treatment, it is changed into a very strong glue, which is used in making the main consideration of the cooperage. West now make barrel heads of these veneers, and save one or two pounds of weight, and at the same time get a stronger and handsomer barrel head. These veneers are also employed for chair seats, car seats, sounding boards and piano cases. A second use is a constituent of water pulp. Caseine is snow white, and when mixed with wood pulp, straw pulp and similar bodies gives a whiter and clearer product, and also one that is less brittle and more durable. This mixed pulp is made into paper for newspapers, writing paper, wall paper and paper boxes. The white boxes which the more enterprising shoe dealers and department stores now affect are the results of this industry.

Caseine mingled with lime makes a liquid covering, intermediate between whitewash and paint, which possesses a handsome gloss, and is very much cheaper than the latter. The lime reacts upon it, and makes it both waterproof and, to a certain extent, fireproof. As a finish for the outside of lead pencils, penholders and other wooden wares.

### BREEDING AGE FOR HEIFERS.

There seems to be present in the minds of most dairy farmers two ideas when they come to consider the question of the right time to breed a heifer for her first calf, says "Hoard's Dairyman."

These who have thought the most thoroughly on the subject generally agree that the heifer should be kept in mind to start the working of the maternal organs at an early age, so that the internal development of the cow shall be on the line of milk giving. They realize that there is a large chance that the development of flesh making will overwhelm the tendency to milk secretion unless the heifer is started on the road at a relatively early age. So with men who think along specific dairy lines, who are after the very best dairy cow they can produce, the heifer is bred young, say at twelve to fifteen months of age. One thing more, however, must be done. It is not enough that the heifer should be bred at the right period; she must not be allowed to become too fleshy before breeding, else she may be difficult to get in calf and the tendencies of her secretions started in the wrong direction. She should be kept in a thrifty, growing condition, and her grain fed from calfhood on, mainly oats and bran or other foods of a protein character. There is nothing better in the way of a food for the proper development of a heifer than skim milk. Most farmers relinquish feeding the calf skim milk at six months of age. It can be profitably fed till she is ten months old. The other idea spoken of at the beginning of this article is the question of the heifer's future use. Any farmer in whose mind this is the preponderant idea, breeds his heifers at eighteen to twenty months of age. They believe that early maturity will reduce the size of the cow somewhat, so they take the risk of reducing the milking power and capacity in order to secure more size.

In some places in Europe the practice prevails of breeding the heifers at fifteen months, and hold them back for the second calf until they are three and a half years of age. But this practice is vague mainly among men who are anxious to produce the best beef animal. They recognize the value of early maturity in securing a good start in developing milk secretions, but what they are after in the main is size.

On the whole, we believe it the wisest course for those who wish to produce first-class dairy cows to breed the heifer at fifteen months of age and keep her steadily at work thereafter, as long as she will breed and is a profitable cow, with about sixty days' intermission between calves.

### THOUSANDS OF HAPPY HOMES.

If anyone contemplates a change of residence, he should not overlook the attractions and advantages of Utah. There are thousands of acres of splendid land at various points on the line of the Rio Grande Western Railway in that state. The soil is very productive and the market close at hand. The climate is superb, being temperate the year round. The sugar beet industry as well as fruit culture, etc., are prominent features of these agricultural districts. Send 2 cents postage for a copy of "Lands" to Geo. W. Heints, General Passenger Agent, R. G. W. Ry., Salt Lake City, Utah.

### WATERING MILCH COWS.

There are no animals about the place which require so much attention in the matter of being provided with water as the dairy cows, remarked W. D. Thomas in "Epitomist." On the large dairy farms, where the production of milk is a specialty, there is seldom a want of proper care in this respect, since a falling off in the yield of milk soon leads the owners to investigate the cause, which too often they will find in the bad condition of the water their cows have to drink, or in the insufficient quantity of it. But with the ordinary farmer, who only keeps cows enough to supply his family with milk and butter and cheese, or who may sell a small amount of dairy products, the case is different. In the busy season of milking and harvesting, when the cows should receive the most attention, they often receive none, at least from the "men folks" of the family. The work horses have a fair supply of water, because it is necessary for them in order to enable them to do the work required of them. The brood mares and the fattening cattle are also cared for, for the reason that good colts and fat bullocks can be expected only if this care is given. But with the care of the hay and grain, the cows are left to the mercies of the women, who cannot dig wells or clean out springs. In the meantime the supply of milk falls off, and every morning the farmer has to get a less amount of butter. The truth is, cows that are giving milk not only require a considerable amount of water, but they need it often. The progress of making milk is one that goes on constantly, and as this fluid is so largely composed of water, enough of the latter should always be within reach. The dairy farmer who keeps his cows in an inclosed place, furnishing them with water at milking time, morning and night. This practice is not only very profitable, but it is cruelty. In weather like that of a large portion of the summer season much water is needed.

If the supply is not abundant the cows become restless, feverish and fretful. One who passed in a dairyman's will do very much toward drying up the best cows. A dairy cow will very soon show a falling off in the supply of milk in the same pasture where an animal not in milk is gaining flesh all the time. The increase in the flow of milk after a rain is often attributed entirely to the improved condition of the pasture, whereas much of it is due to the increased supply of water. It is to be regretted that any pasture where dairy cows are kept is deficient in living water, but as such is the case, an artificial supply alone can insure a constant supply of milk. Too often the only supply is from small ponds filled by the surface drainage after rains. The water, not very pure, is filled with insects and covered with a green scum. To add to its filth, the cattle wade about in the pond, or stand there to fight flies, dropping their excrement in it, and stirring up its filthy sediment from the bottom, rendering it unfit for the use of any animal. But I am assured that cattle will drink it, and sometimes even prefer it to clean water. It is true that thirst will compel them to drink it, however filthy or unwholesome it may be, but long continued use of it is pretty sure to cause disease. In winter milch cows will not and cannot yield a bountiful supply of milk in cold and stormy weather, unless they are supplied with comfortable and stable and an abundance of milk-producing feed and good water. These are the fundamental requirements in the management of milch cows. But any cow will thrive most satisfactorily in a clean, dry, well-lit, open shed than when confined by the neck in a close stable. Many persons keep one cow, and use the stable room and yard space are limited, the cow must be tied in close quarters. If possible, it will pay to prepare her a box stall sufficiently spacious to turn around in.

### THE PALMYRA (MO) CREAMERY.

Below we give the pay roll of the creamery for the month of November, showing what each patron received for the milk he delivered during the month:

Miss S. Myers, \$31.90; Winchester Cows, \$5.32; Richard Palmer, \$4.56; W. M. Boulware, \$3.60; N. Johnson, \$7.57; John H. Bros, \$2.65; Frits Gottman, \$1.45; Ira Ruter, \$1.87; Oliver Rose, \$1.32; Daniel Rose, \$1.11; Charles Schack, \$1.86; R. L. Anderson, \$5.12; John Grove, \$4.05; Chas. Young, \$1.15; G. S. Keller, \$1.85; Bettler & Bettler, \$3.55; W. H. Leggett, \$1.57; Jas. Cud, \$1.21; B. N. Lovelace, \$1.12; Miss Stewart, \$3.02; J. R. Landis, \$1.67; Isaac Rohrer, \$1.22; P. H. Bloomer, \$2.10; W. F. Jacobs, \$2.25; Chris Rohrer, \$1.50; E. L. Buckwalter, \$2.35; A. P. Bowles, \$4.53; George Saffersman, \$3.62; G. A. Tait, \$1.52; Joseph Starnes, \$1.09; J. B. Lupton, \$2.84; Wm. Glendinning, \$5.22; Anderson & Clark, \$1.00; Frank Moore, \$3.95; Joseph Myers, \$3.18; Thos. Bryan, \$2.31.

It must be borne in mind that this is about the poorest season for milch cows. Many of them are mere strippers and probably not one in full milk. With this fact in mind, the following figures are of interest: John H. Bros. milked 12 cows. They averaged him \$4.73 per head for the month. Ira Ruter milked 5 cows. His average was \$3.37. R. L. Anderson milked 7 cows. His average per cow was \$7.35. Jon. Grove milked 12 cows. His average was \$3.38. G. S. Keller milked 11 cows. His average was \$4.12. J. B. Lupton milked 8 cows. His average was \$4.82. Anderson & Clark milked 15 cows. Their average was \$4.54. Frank Moore milked 5 cows. His average was \$5.79.

This gives a fair idea of what a cow pays her owner at the worst season of the year. Mr. Rohrer paid out to his patrons on Monday the sum of \$88 for milk delivered to him during the month of November—Marion County Herald.

### COMING TO MISSOURI FOR COWS.

Recently the Gibson (Neb.) "Reporter" mentioned the departure of Harry Ashburn from Gibson for Southwest Missouri for the purpose of purchasing a car load of milch cows, adding that Mr. Ashburn expects to engage in the dairy business and to dispose of his product to the Gibson skimming station. Here is an instance where force is added to the dairy interests. Mr. Ashburn has been brought up to believe in the advantages of dairying. It seems that during the past year he gave it up and devoted his time to other agriculture in the prosperous county of Nebraska, and was an instance of that kind of fellows in Nebraska. They got a taste of dairying, but were too ready to let go, and diversified their labors in other directions, but it all comes out in the wash tub that the easiest, most certain to come dollar ever earned on the farm was the one coming from the creamery or dairy—Nebraska Dairyman.

We wish the Nebraska Dairyman would go to some State other than Missouri for their cows. We haven't got as many here as we ought to have.

### WILL BORGHUM CAUSE COWS TO GO DRY.

This question has been asked a good many times recently by those who are milking cows. Even the students who are attending the agricultural college are stopping in the office to inquire about the effect of the feed, on the secretion of milk, says the "Kansas Farmer." The testimony from farmers who have tried sorghum seems to be contradicting. Some claim it to be an excellent feed, while others claim it will cause the cows to go dry. Our experience at the college in feeding sorghum hay has been rather limited, but during the short time we fed it we found that our herd of twenty-four cows increased in the flow of milk from twenty to thirty pounds per day. They seem to relish the feed and eat it up clean. However, we were very careful to feed other feeds rich in protein in connection with it. No doubt sorghum hay, fed either alone or in connection with corn, will tend to dry up the cow, for the simple reason that the cow does not get the kind of raw material she needs to manufacture milk. The average dairy cow requires, in order to do her best, digestible nutrients in about the following amounts: Protein, 2.50 pounds; carbohydrates, 12.50 pounds; fat, 4 pounds. What does she get by feeding her on sorghum, hay and corn alone?

Protein Carbo-  
Sorghum hay, 20 lbs. 1.12 2.4  
Corn, 10 lbs. 1.12 2.4  
Totals 2.24 4.8  
We can see, there is only one-half enough protein, there is too much carbohydrate and too much fat. The cow will give some milk on this ration, but she cannot do her best, because as soon as her supply of protein (a substance absolutely essential in the manufacture of milk) is used up she cannot elaborate any more milk, no matter how much carbohydrate and fat she may have. Supply plenty of protein, and sorghum hay will prove an excellent food for dairy cows. Any one of the following rations, taken from Bulletin 71 of the Kansas Experiment Station, will indicate how sorghum hay can be utilized to best advantage without causing the cows to shrink in their milk yield. These represent daily amounts per cow:

No. 1—Sorghum hay, 20 pounds; bran, 5 pounds; cotton seed meal, 3 pounds.  
No. 2—Sorghum hay, 15 pounds; corn fodder, 10 pounds; soy bean meal, 3 pounds; bran, 3 pounds; cotton seed meal, 2 pounds.

No. 3—Sorghum hay, 15 pounds; prairie hay, 10 pounds; bran, 11-1/2 pounds; linseed meal (O. P.), 2 pounds; cotton seed meal, 2 pounds.

No. 4—Sorghum hay, 15 pounds; millet hay, 6 pounds; bran, 6-1/2 pounds; cotton seed meal, 3 pounds.

No. 5—Sorghum hay, 10 pounds; oat hay, 13 pounds; corn or kafir corn, 1 pound; soy bean meal, 2 pounds; cotton seed meal, 3 pounds.

In addition to the above, the following ration may be used where oats are plenty and do not cost over 20 cents per bushel: Sorghum hay, 20 to 25 pounds, fed with about 9 pounds of grain, composed of equal parts oats, bran and cotton seed meal.

### DAIRY EDUCATION IN BELGIUM.

The small Belgian nation, which is less numerous than the population of London, offers many interesting features from the dairy farmer's point of view. Although the industrial portion of the country is comparatively so large that the demand for dairy products is great, and the home supply, the system of co-operation has been developed to such an extent that the time is fast approaching when it is anticipated Belgium will be an exporting country, at any rate, as regards butter. The value of foreign cheese imports into Belgium, however, still exceeds 129,000 pounds sterling annually, and for this reason greater attention is also being directed to the manufacture of cheese than has hitherto been the case.

In order to insure success more quickly and surely the agricultural education of Belgian peasants is being rapidly extended in various ways, and in this connection the Flemish traveling dairy schools are doing a valuable service. These schools are being developed to such an extent that the time is fast approaching when it is anticipated Belgium will be an exporting country, at any rate, as regards butter. The value of foreign cheese imports into Belgium, however, still exceeds 129,000 pounds sterling annually, and for this reason greater attention is also being directed to the manufacture of cheese than has hitherto been the case.

The action of microbes is explained as regards the acidification of the cream in butter making, and the ripening of cheese; particular attention being also given to the manufacture of soft cheeses. If butter is not good, the students are assured that there is some reason for it, either in the dairy, which must then be disinfected, or in the milk itself, and which can most probably be remedied, and the product improved by means of heat and pure culture.

An attempt is made, in short, to inculcate the science of common things into the mind of the young Belgian farmer at the very outset of his career, and he is taught, as the case may be, to regard the micro-organisms of the dairy, as friends or foes, which will very materially affect the quality of his produce, and his own reputation as a dairy farmer—Farmer and Grazier, Australia.

### THOMPSON'S TOURS TO OLD MEXICO.

An elegant special Pullman train leaves St. Louis via the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE every Wednesday, 7th, train consisting of six cars; composite car, dining car, compartment sleeping car, drawing room car and library and observation car. Thirty-four hundred miles of travel in Mexico, and on into Tropical Mexico. Six full days in the City of Mexico, at finest hotels. All large cities of Mexico visited. The most complete tour, and the finest Pullman train ever sent to Old Mexico. Address inquiries at once to R. G. Thompson, P. & T. A., Fort Wayne, Indiana, or to H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

Mothers will find "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" the Best Remedy for Children Teething.

### THE CENSUS OF 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

### CARE OF THE CHURN.

Among the duties of the one who must care for the dairy articles the care of the churn is not the least, for it will not stand any neglect without serious results; that is, if one wants pure, sweet butter, it can never be made in a churn that is the least sour, says a correspondent of the "Indiana Farmer." The sooner the milk and butter are removed from the churn the less trouble it will be to clean. Cold water should be used first, to wash off the milk adhering to the sides, and then scalding water must be freely used and in such a way that it will reach all the cracks and crevices, for it is these that hold the milk and make breeding places for microbes, unless they are thoroughly cleaned. The churn will never become sour if plenty of scalding water and perfectly clean cloths are used after each churning. I have seen the dish cloth used for washing the churn. It should never be used, as it is not sufficiently clean and it is easy to keep cloths specially for cleaning dairy utensils. They need plenty of sunshine and hot water to keep them clean and sweet, and what is still more important, to keep them free from disease germs. Wash the dairy cloths frequently, first in cold water, then put them in a good sud, set on the stove and let them boil twenty minutes or longer. Then rinse and hang in the sunshine until perfectly dry. It takes only a little time, and one is well repaid for the trouble for the cloths and towels will always be sweet and clean, and if washed in this way they may be kept white until they are entirely worn out.

### UDDER DISEASES OF COWS.

One of the most frequently met diseases of the bovine race is heil to, and which is very troublesome to the owners of cattle, is in its various phases known as mammitis, caked udder or stricture of the teat. I wish to speak particularly of stricture of the teat.

It is known that usually the best and deepest milkers have some defect of the udder. This may be caused in numerous ways, as by rough handling during milking time, or, as is usually caused, by after calving, when the entire udder becomes caked and after successful treatment of the udder it then is found that the teat is closed and cannot be used.

Now, the usual methods employed are only too well known to the dairyman. Briefly to mention them, they are the use of liniments, the milk tube, and finally the tube known as the "teat splitter." All these instruments have been in use for many years, but they have not been entirely successful. It has been found that after a continued use of the milk tube the udder had been rendered useless; that the particular member began to have a fistulous tract that would leak constantly.

This condition often occurs after the use of the teat splitter. Very often, after an operation of this kind, it is found that the milk runs continually from that one teat, and in a great many instances more harm has been done by an operation of that kind than good.

It has only been recently that the veterinary medical profession has found something better than the first one to my knowledge who successfully applied a better remedy was Dr. J. Drasky of Crete, Neb., who successfully treated stricture of the teat by electricity. Using a small electrode with a dry battery, he opened up the stricture, and has a great many cures to report. I wish to say that it is a method that should be used on every cow that has anything like a stricture of the teat, for the simple reason that it is the most humane method yet inaugurated.—Dr. A. T. Peters, Nebraska Experiment Station.

### "HOPELESS" DROPPY CURED.

By the Well-Known Chicago Heart Specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles.

Who Desires a Course of His Marvelously Successful Treatment Free to Any Afflicted Person.

Droopy is a terrible disease. The suffering in the last stage is frightful. Yet at first no disease is apparently more harmless. A little swelling of the feet, ankles or abdomen. But finally the unfortunate sufferers slowly down, as it were, in the water of their own blood. Dr. Miles has made the heart, nerves, kidneys and droopy a specialty for many years. To introduce his marvelous new treatment he will send a course free upon application. Hundreds of the most marvelous cures on record will be requested. One gentleman was cured after having been pronounced hopeless by ten Chicago physicians. Another after failure of eleven Grand Rapids doctors. Dr. H. A. Groce, of 404 Mountain St., Elgin, Ill., said: "I was thought to be incurable from droopy, which reached to his lungs and caused smothering spells, cough, and shortness of breath. He soon reported: 'Droopy all gone.' Mr. A. P. Colburn, of Blessing, Ill., writes: 'Dr. Miles' treatment has performed a miracle for Mrs. Colburn after her long bout with droopy.'"

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### THE HAY BACILLUS.

In a recent bulletin from the Iowa Experiment Station is given an interesting account of an experiment made to test the effect of the hay bacillus on flavor and aroma. It is a common source of contamination to milk in the ordinary barn, and is found in hay and the dirt from hay and straw. It is one of a numerous species that have the power of causing "sweet curdling." In the experiment referred to curdling was made from cream ripened with the hay bacillus, and for check purposes a second lot of the same cream was ripened with lactic acid bacteria. In order to determine the actual difference in the market value of the two lots, they were sent to A. H. Barber & Co., of Chicago, and were scored by them and sold for what they would bring in the market. The result was that the cream ripened with lactic acid bacteria scored 22 points as to flavor, 15 points being perfect, and sold for 20 cents a pound. That ripened with the hay bacillus scored 31 points as to flavor and sold for 14 cents a pound. Of this latter lot the judge said: "Package No. 2 is old, and is evidently an imitation or process butter." Mr. Eckles, the dairy assistant at the station, who conducted the experiment, says that if the average butter maker had examined the two lots he would have been surprised that even more difference was not made in the score. Eight or ten lots were made at the college at various times previously for

the purpose of illustration in class instruction, and exactly the same flavor was present in the butter when the cream had ripened with the hay bacillus, so that the result was not exceptional. The difference between the prices of the two lots was six cents, or nearly one-third in value, due entirely to the fact that the inferior lot had ripened with hay bacillus, a kind of contamination that can readily occur in any barn. It probably accounts for the lack of proper flavor in many lots of butter otherwise well made.

### ENGLISH SHORTHORN DAIRY COWS.

We give below the yearly record of an English herd of Shorthorn cows, as published in the "Farmer and Stock Breeder." From this it is evident that the Shorthorns, if bred and trained for that purpose, will make pretty good dairy cows.

The following are milk records of the cows that calved during 1899, belonging to Mr. John Evans, Burghley Park, Lincoln. The milk is weighed twice daily. The cows are Lincoln Red Shorthorns, entered in the Herd Book of the Lincoln Red Shorthorn Association:

Name of Cow.	Calves.	Total Days yield in lbs. milk.
Spotted.....	6th	10,097 336 30.9
Bliss.....	10th	10,300 350 29.4
Becky.....	1st	7,102 287 24.7
R. W. Fatchett.....	3rd	8,811 298 25.8
Michael.....	2nd	7,888 284 27.1
Yellow and White.....	3rd	8,031 286 30.1
Huttor.....	2nd	12,429 308 28.3
Yellow Gell.....	3rd	9,206 343 26.8
White.....	3rd	10,504 350 30.0
Bertha.....	3rd	14,129 368 32.5
Old Froth.....	3rd	14,567 448 32.5
White Foot.....	3rd	9,253 290 32.0
Stella.....	3rd	12,879 350 30.7
Bountiful.....	3rd	7,097 246 28.5
Car-Fox.....	3rd	12,041 309 30.1
Fride.....	3rd	12,460 344 30.0
Royal Star.....	3rd	5,743 231 24.8
Profitable.....	3rd	7,830 296 29.6
Promiss.....	3rd	5,027 218 24.4
C. Star.....	3rd	6,150 252 24.4
Fleet.....	3rd	7,290 273 26.6
White.....	3rd	7,291 273 26.6
Yellow Inse.....	3rd	7,721 329 29.4
Fanny Fox.....	3rd	8,570 364 32.3
Bertha.....	3rd	10,113 352 30.1
Bonny.....	3rd	9,127 343 28.5
Quality.....	3rd	8,155 306 28.4
Florence.....	3rd	8,155 306 28.4
Ward.....	3rd	10,963 343 32.0
Cherry.....	3rd	7,183 280 25.6
Stella.....	3rd	7,271 271 25.6
Dairymaid.....	3rd	7,129 294 24.2
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You will get infinitely more value from the same amount of feed if cooked in a HEESSEN FEED COOKER.

before feeding















# Home Circle.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

George D. Prentice.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence  
now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on  
the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the  
knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and  
wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams  
rest.

Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is  
still,  
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,  
That floats so still and placidly through  
heaven,  
The spirit of the seasons seem to stand.  
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's  
solemn form,  
And Winter, with his aged looks, and  
breath  
In mournful cadences, that come abroad  
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching  
wall.

A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year.  
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time  
For memory and for tears. Within the  
deep,  
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,  
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of  
Time  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its  
cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions that have passed away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life. That specter  
lives.

The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,  
And, bending mournfully above the pale  
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters  
dead flowers  
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The  
year  
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious  
thought  
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each  
brow,  
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift  
course  
It waded its way o'er the beautiful  
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man, and the haughty  
form.

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd  
The bright and joyous, and the tearful  
wall  
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the  
song  
And reckless shout resounded. It passed  
o'er

The battle plain, where sword and spear  
and shield  
Fleeth'd in the light of midday—and the  
strength  
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,  
Green from the soil of carnage, waves  
above

The crash'd and moldering skeleton. It came  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless  
Time—

Pierce spirit of the glass and scythe—  
what power  
Can'ty him in his silent course, or melt  
His form from heart to pity? On, still on,  
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths,  
or brave

The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's  
home,  
Fur's his broad wings at nightfall, and  
sinks down  
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And night's deep darkness has no claim  
to bind

His rushing plin. Revolutions sweep  
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the  
breast  
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water; fiery lares  
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go  
back

To their mysterious caverns; mountains  
rise,  
And bow  
To their towering heads to the plain; new empires  
rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations; and the very stars,  
Yon bright and burning banners of God,  
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their  
train,

Shoot from their glorious spheres, and  
pass away  
To darkness in the trackless void—yet  
Time—  
The tomb-builder, holds his fierce  
career.

Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his  
path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

Written for the RURAL WORLD.  
MORE TIME.

Another year with its burden of sorrows,  
disappointments and heartaches; and also  
with its holy joys, its victories won and  
its seasons of peace, is fast passing beyond  
recall. Its opportunities for giving the  
cup of cold water, for speaking the word  
of cheer to some despondent one, for giving  
the loving smile, which so stimulates  
when burdens oppress will soon be ours  
no more. So many of us have toiled early  
and late for what we have regarded as  
essential to existence—dollars—that we have  
had no time to exercise the gentler graces  
of life. Even when sufficient for daily  
needs—aye, even more—was ours, we  
then erected other selfish aims and as  
persistently pursued the bubbles of life which  
we know will sooner or later vanish, so  
that we had no time for the call on the  
sick friend, or maybe even to stand by  
when the pastor spoke the word of comfort  
to those left to mourn her loss.

Ah! old year reflections are so apt to  
have the tinge of sadness, that it is with  
relief we turn to smiling Hope and look  
with her into the almost open door of the  
New Year, trusting that there may be in  
it less of self and more of service for others.  
Retrospection is only good when it enables  
us to discover the mistakes of the past  
and helps us to have broader conceptions  
of how to live and the courage to live  
in the best sense.

Let our aim be this New Year of the  
new century to have more time to be  
gentle, to be patient, to talk hopefully,  
to help the unfortunate, to be glad of heart,  
to be loved by the members of our home,  
and to love them in return, to go joyfully  
on errands of mercy, to extend the out-  
stretched hand of help, to entertain our  
friends and oh! to do the so many things  
our best-self prompts us to do.

MRS. MARY ANDERSON.  
Caldwell Co., Mo.

Written for the RURAL WORLD.  
"THEM GOOD OLD TIMES."

While overhauling a trunk full of letters  
and defunct manuscripts not many  
weeks ago I unearthed a large bundle of  
letters marked "Nancy Sims' Legacy." Remembering my solemn promise of over  
a year ago, made to "Wife of Sorghum-  
ite," I venture to send the enclosed letter  
to the "Home Circle." No one need dodge  
behind the door or dive under the table,  
because this is penned long before  
Nancy became a ghost and wandered  
through another "peer" in search of the  
"Three Blue Children." We all know the  
result.

One need not glance in retrospect quite  
so far as the Norman conquest in order  
to appreciate the immense difference be-  
tween the advanced age of the latter half  
of the nineteenth century and the rigid,  
unyielding conditions of ante-revolution-  
ary days. A glance at an extract from  
the "Bluest of Blue Laws" reveals some-  
what of the state of affairs prior to sev-  
enteen hundred and seventy-six. A man  
was forbidden to kiss his wife, and a  
mother was not permitted to kiss her  
wife and children. Everything was ac-  
cidents, solemn and austere. Yet there were  
fewer (in proportion to the population)  
really and truly religious people then, in  
those dull times of unnatural repression,  
than there are now in these so-called de-  
generate days. There was not then and  
there is not now any earthly law that can  
compel a thoughtful human man or woman  
to be a Christian at heart.

"YOU KNOW WHO."  
Simsville, Mo., June 2nd, 1880.  
My Dear Niece:  
It does seem a mighty long time since  
I wrote you a letter; but you will have  
forgotten me, as you ain't the only  
one I am in debt to. The fact is, when  
a body writes so long they plum forget  
who owes the letter. You happen to be  
on top of the pile this time, and you  
know how it is. "Fust come fust served."

Don't it seem queer that one can  
set down with a bottle of ink, an old steel  
pen and a sheet of foolscap and talk to  
someone two or three hundred miles  
away; then lick a green stamp, stick it on  
a yaller envelope, drop it in a hole in the  
Post Office, and your trouble is ended.  
Your friend will get that yaller envelope  
all safe and sound in about three days,  
more or less. This ear privilege is only  
one among the many great blessins and  
advantages of livin' in the latter half of  
the nineteenth century.

In the good old times afore Uncle Sam  
took the United States mails into his  
care and keepin' fokes diddnt write so  
many letters as they do nowa-days.  
When I was a gal fokes had to be real  
friends or else have sum very impor-  
tant business on hands before they used  
much time and stationery in letter writin'.  
But when the mail set out to write it was  
a solemn business. Then old-style letters  
were dreedfully attituded and laborious  
and ponderous, and was about as playful  
and witty as a baby elephant.

I kin remember the first letter I ever  
wrote, because there had to be ten cents  
postage paid on it. The old postmaster  
glowed at me over them old iron-bone  
specks, and I dried when I heered father  
say that I shoednt send it. In them days  
cents in silver looked as big as a  
cart wheel. Postage could be paid in ad-  
vance, and the postmaster would write  
"Paid" in big, shaky, crooked letters on a  
corner of the envelope. Or you could  
come the money on it and let the fellow  
pay when it was received. Them  
was good old times, wassent they? Them  
was the times that croakers and grumblers  
and calamity howlers air a-shoutin' fur  
and a wishin' that we had 'em back agin.

Wooden the people of these ear United  
States to in a pretty fix of the pres-  
ent times, with all the modern conveniences  
and luxuries that ennybody kin have by  
workin' fur 'em, was to be suddenly tuck  
away from us and we was transacted  
backwards fifty or sixty yeres? Oh! my  
sakes! neece Helen, how would you like  
it. Old fashioned as I be myself, I don't  
see how a body could git along com-  
fortably under sich changed conditions.  
Fact is, my dear neece, most of fokes  
don't half appreciate their munny priv-  
ileges and blessins; and if even half of  
'em was tuck away whar we coddnt git  
'em thar wood be a lot of weepin' and  
walein' and nashin' of teeth, and them  
that diddnt have any teeth of their own  
would have to gum it. Now ain't that so?

How on earth codd fokes manage to git  
along without the conveniences in our  
homes, that was mighty skurvy when I  
was a gal and that my grandmother never  
even heered of? Take away the sewin'  
machine from every home and who on  
earth wood be the winn' fur a big family,  
to say nothin' of the thousands of win-  
men who make a livin' by usin' of 'em.  
Gals in these days ain't taught to sew by  
hand as they hed order be cause half of  
their mothers don't know how to sew  
themselves, and so coddnt be expected  
to teach anybody else.

When you was a baby your fokes  
thought they diddnt need a ralerode or  
a bicycle or a typewriter or a sewin' ma-  
chine. They codd make out to do the  
family cookin' without a gasoline stove,  
and they codd sew to sew evenin' with  
a taller candle instid of a lectrick light.  
When your mother wanted to gossip with  
a naber in the next block she put on her  
old sunbonnet and tuck half the afternoon  
fur it. There wassent enny "Hillo Cen-  
tral" nor any "Ring Off" nor any crossed  
wires, and when they got done gossipin'  
they coddnt listen at the receiver to hear  
what some other naber was talkin' about.  
They jest put on their bunbitts and went

home to git supper, and everybody got  
their information at first hands. The very  
outmost edge of civilization, haddnt  
traveled further west than Buffalo, and  
the noble but untutored savage still  
roamed at will among the lonely settle-  
ments and amused himself by murderin'  
defenseless women and babes every chance  
he got. Them must have been "good old  
times," cause plenty of fokes say they was  
good, but somehow I don't want 'em to  
come back agin.

Not long ago I was a-readin' about the  
homes (?) of them good times about the  
time of the Norman conquest. They did-  
dnt have any glass in their winders nor  
skurvy a decent chimney, and only sick  
fokes was allowed to rest their heads on  
pillers. Fokes at their vittles with their  
fingers from a wooden troff and their table  
ware was a big knife and three horn  
spoons. No wonder fokes swore: "By the  
grate horn spoon." Most anybody wood  
have felt the need of some kind of lan-  
guage more forcible and expressive than  
jest common English, so as to do the situa-  
tion justice.

As fur sleepin'—all ages, sexes, and con-  
ditions occupied the same room and jest  
laid around on the floor animal fashion  
with the same close on they were in the  
day-time. As I was a sayin' them must  
have been mighty nice times but I don't  
seem to admire 'em myself. Yet I dew  
proud that people lived and was toller-  
able happy and healthy and thrivin' in  
them days even if they diddnt have munny  
comforts and no luxuries to speak of. But  
you see they haddnt never heered on 'em  
and so they diddnt need 'em nor miss  
'em.

This is a mighty changeable kind of a  
world, and if you had been in it as  
long as I have you would have learned that  
happy and healthy philosophy, and a  
determination to hold yourself above any  
crookedness that an adverse wind may  
blow across your path, will in time heat  
the worst injury an enemy kin inflict.  
There is plenty of fokes now livin' that  
wood as soon hang their hats on a peg  
driv into the door-post as to hang 'em  
on a carved oak hook in the hall; and they  
wood rather have a lump of taller  
on a string than a brass chandelier.  
Theres plenty who putend to despise car-  
pets and stoves and esy cheers; books,  
pictures and all domestic conveniences.  
Sum of them dew rely feel that a-way,  
and others only putend they dew because  
they air twa onery and lazy and shiftless  
to be in and work to earn 'em. But  
you will allers find 'em willin' to use such  
things if sumpdy else furnishes 'em free  
of cost. Them air the very fokes who  
wast about the good old times and who  
wish they had 'em back agin.

Now I am a-goin' to stop writin', so as  
to give you a chance to finish readin' 'em.  
When staved it was put through a re-  
volvin' sieve, and eggs, milk, ginger, su-  
gar and New Orleans molasses or Florida  
syrup were added. This mixture will give  
pies fit to place before a king. My fam-  
ily prefers ginger cakes, especially soft  
finger bread, to any other, and one was  
made.

Towards the close of the day the lord  
of the manor came in with a huge turkey,  
weighing sixteen pounds. It was un-  
drawn, and before killing had been fed  
a generous supply of corn, for which the  
owner realized 12 1/2 cents per pound. After  
being drawn and the big feet taken off it  
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"There is not a bird in the house  
large enough to bake that turkey in, and  
I've not strength to handle it."

"Never mind; I'm going to cook that  
turkey," was the reply.  
A roaster was purchased, and on  
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possession of the kitchen. First he  
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Peoria Co., Ill. MRS. L. HARRISON.

GOOD RECIPES.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING—Boil a  
cup of rice ten minutes, then drain the  
water. Put it into a buttered pudding  
dish, covering the bottom and sides. Pare  
and cut into eighths six fair-sized apples.  
Lay in the rice. Sugar to taste, add  
whatever spice you like, cover with rice,  
then cover the dish and steam one hour.  
Serve with cream and sugar. A favorite  
Southern dish.

BAKED PLUM PUDDING—Soften two  
teacupfuls of stale bread crumbs in two  
quarts of hot milk. Add half a teacupful  
of butter, or two-thirds teacupful of  
finely chopped suet, two teacupfuls of rice  
molasses, four eggs well beaten, a tea-  
cupful of ground cinnamon, half a tea-  
cupful of cloves, half a nutmeg grated,  
a teacupful of salt and four teacupfuls  
of stoned raisins. Bake in an earthen  
pudding dish three hours in a slow oven.  
Keep the dish covered until the last fif-  
teen minutes, then remove cover and let  
brown. Serve with teacupful of sweet  
jelly on each dish.

HOME-MADE CANDIES.

BUTTERSCOTCH BROWN TAFFY—  
Three pounds of brown sugar, one-fourth  
pound of butter, one half teaspoon of  
cream of tartar. Add sufficient water to  
dissolve the sugar; boil without stirring  
until it will easily break when put in  
cold water. When done add ten drops of  
extract of lemon; pour into a well-but-  
tered dripping pan until partly cool, then  
pull.

WHITE TAFFY—Three pounds of  
white sugar, one-fourth of a pound of  
butter, one teaspoon of cream of tartar,  
flavor with half a teaspoon of vanilla.  
Pull till light and white.

CANDIED POPCORN—Put into an iron  
kettle one cup of granulated sugar, one  
tablespoon of oil or butter and three table-  
spoons of water. Boil until it boils, and  
then throw in three quarts of pop-  
corn. Stir briskly until candy is evenly  
distributed over each kernel of the corn.  
Take the kettle from the fire, stir until  
the mixture is cooled, and you will find  
each grain separate and crystallized with  
candy. Nuts can be candied in the same  
way.

PEANUT NOUGAT—Shell the peanuts  
remove the skin and break into small  
pieces, or leave whole, as preferred.  
Take two cups of confectioners' sugar  
and one cup of peanuts. Put the sugar  
into a saucepan over the fire and as soon  
as dissolved throw the nuts into it, stir-  
ring rapidly. Pour into a buttered pan  
and press into a flat cake with a  
buttered knife, as it cools very quickly.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do  
To make life happier and more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now  
with care.  
I'll help to lift them from their despair,  
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well  
I shall know no more these weary, toiling  
days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,  
And cheer her heart with words of sweet-  
est praise.

When you have time! The friend you be-  
hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of your sweet  
intent;  
May never know that you so kindly  
meant  
To fill her life with sweet content,  
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friends, no longer  
wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of  
cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so  
dreary.  
They may not meet you in the coming  
year—  
Now is the time. —Selected.

Written for the RURAL WORLD.  
HOW THE HOLIDAYS ARE SOME-  
TIMES SPENT.

I was reading lately an account how  
the mother usually spends Thanksgiving  
Day. Church is not to be thought of.  
There is no time to spend in thanksgiving  
to Almighty God for blessings received,  
for she must bake, stew and roast for a  
large company. When the dinner is on  
the table she has no time to be thankful  
to enjoy the grand spread. When the  
dishes are washed and put away she can-  
not enjoy the company, and at an early  
hour she slips away, unnoticed, to her bed  
chamber.

HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING—  
The day before was one of preparation.  
Broad wheat bran was soaked in water,  
a red velvet cake was baked, and a class  
of school children were given a special  
patronizing bakers almost exclusively.  
Cranberries were stewed until soft  
and then put through a revolving sieve,  
removing the skins from the pulp, which  
was measured and an equal quantity of  
sugar added, when it was returned to the  
fire and boiled a few minutes. It can be  
dipped into molds. When cold a perfect  
jelly has formed, and it can be turned out  
of the molds. A woman came along with  
a load of pumpkins, which she offered for  
sale at a nickel apiece. Two sweet ones  
were purchased, and one was soon upon  
the stove cooking, and allowed to sim-  
mer until quite dry. It would not be  
"Thanksgiving" without pumpkin pies.

When staved it was put through a re-  
volvin' sieve, and eggs, milk, ginger, su-  
gar and New Orleans molasses or Florida  
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wood rather have a lump of taller  
on a string than a brass chandelier.  
Theres plenty who putend to despise car-  
pets and stoves and esy cheers; books,  
pictures and all domestic conveniences.  
Sum of them dew rely feel that a-way,  
and others only putend they dew because  
they air twa onery and lazy and shiftless  
to be in and work to earn 'em. But  
you will allers find 'em willin' to use such  
things if sumpdy else furnishes 'em free  
of cost. Them air the very fokes who  
wast about the good old times and who  
wish they had 'em back agin.

Now I am a-goin' to stop writin', so as  
to give you a chance to finish readin' 'em.  
When staved it was put through a re-  
volvin' sieve, and eggs, milk, ginger, su-  
gar and New Orleans molasses or Florida  
syrup were added. This mixture will give  
pies fit to place before a king. My fam-  
ily prefers ginger cakes, especially soft  
finger bread, to any other, and one was  
made.

Towards the close of the day the lord  
of the manor came in with a huge turkey,  
weighing sixteen pounds. It was un-  
drawn, and before killing had been fed  
a generous supply of corn, for which the  
owner realized 12 1/2 cents per pound. After  
being drawn and the big feet taken off it  
weighed three pounds less. I said,  
"There is not a bird in the house  
large enough to bake that turkey in, and  
I've not strength to handle it."

"Never mind; I'm going to cook that  
turkey," was the reply.  
A roaster was purchased, and on  
Thanksgiving morning papa families took  
possession of the kitchen. First he  
chopped the turkey, then chopped the  
fat, with a piece of bacon; then chopped  
celery, boiled potatoes, chestnuts, bread  
and crackers. With the addition of milk,  
butter, salt and pepper, the dressing was  
made. He roasted and basted, while I  
rested from the work of the previous  
day of preparation, and thought of how  
many things I had to be thankful for.  
The most prominent one being that the good  
Lord had given me a husband who could  
turn chef and cook a turkey.

Peoria Co., Ill. MRS. L. HARRISON.

GOOD RECIPES.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING—Boil a  
cup of rice ten minutes, then drain the  
water. Put it into a buttered pudding  
dish, covering the bottom and sides. Pare  
and cut into eighths six fair-sized apples.  
Lay in the rice. Sugar to taste, add  
whatever spice you like, cover with rice,  
then cover the dish and steam one hour.  
Serve with cream and sugar. A favorite  
Southern dish.

BAKED PLUM PUDDING—Soften two  
teacupfuls of stale bread crumbs in two  
quarts of hot milk. Add half a teacupful  
of butter, or two-thirds teacupful of  
finely chopped suet, two teacupfuls of rice  
molasses, four eggs well beaten, a tea-  
cupful of ground cinnamon, half a tea-  
cupful of cloves, half a nutmeg grated,  
a teacupful of salt and four teacupfuls  
of stoned raisins. Bake in an earthen  
pudding dish three hours in a slow oven.  
Keep the dish covered until the last fif-  
teen minutes, then remove cover and let  
brown. Serve with teacupful of sweet  
jelly on each dish.

HOME-MADE CANDIES.

BUTTERSCOTCH BROWN TAFFY—  
Three pounds of brown sugar, one-fourth  
pound of butter, one half teaspoon of  
cream of tartar. Add sufficient water to  
dissolve the sugar; boil without stirring  
until it will easily break when put in  
cold water. When done add ten drops of  
extract of lemon; pour into a well-but-  
tered dripping pan until partly cool, then  
pull.

WHITE TAFFY—Three pounds of  
white sugar, one-fourth of a pound of  
butter, one teaspoon of cream of tartar,  
flavor with half a teaspoon of vanilla.  
Pull till light and white.

CANDIED POPCORN—Put into an iron  
kettle one cup of granulated sugar, one  
tablespoon of oil or butter and three table-  
spoons of water. Boil until it boils, and  
then throw in three quarts of pop-  
corn. Stir briskly until candy is evenly  
distributed over each kernel of the corn.  
Take the kettle from the fire, stir until  
the mixture is cooled, and you will find  
each grain separate and crystallized with  
candy. Nuts can be candied in the same  
way.

PEANUT NOUGAT—Shell the peanuts  
remove the skin and break into small  
pieces, or leave whole, as preferred.  
Take two cups of confectioners' sugar  
and one cup of peanuts. Put the sugar  
into a saucepan over the fire and as soon  
as dissolved throw the nuts into it, stir-  
ring rapidly. Pour into a buttered pan  
and press into a flat cake with a  
buttered knife, as it cools very quickly.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do  
To make life happier and more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now  
with care.  
I'll help to lift them from their despair,  
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well  
I shall know no more these weary, toiling  
days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,  
And cheer her heart with words of sweet-  
est praise.

When you have time! The friend you be-  
hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of your sweet  
intent;  
May never know that you so kindly  
meant  
To fill her life with sweet content,  
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friends, no longer  
wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of  
cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so  
dreary.  
They may not meet you in the coming  
year—  
Now is the time. —Selected.

Written for the RURAL WORLD.  
HOW THE HOLIDAYS ARE SOME-  
TIMES SPENT.

I was reading lately an account how  
the mother usually spends Thanksgiving  
Day. Church is not to be thought of.  
There is no time to spend in thanksgiving  
to Almighty God for blessings received,  
for she must bake, stew and roast for a  
large company. When the dinner is on  
the table she has no time to be thankful  
to enjoy the grand spread. When the  
dishes are washed and put away she can-  
not enjoy the company, and at an early  
hour she slips away, unnoticed, to her bed  
chamber.

HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING—  
The day before was one of preparation.  
Broad wheat bran was soaked in water,  
a red velvet cake was baked, and a class  
of school children were given a special  
patronizing bakers almost exclusively.  
Cranberries were stewed until soft  
and then put through a revolving sieve,  
removing the skins from the pulp, which  
was measured and an equal quantity of  
sugar added, when it was returned to the  
fire and boiled a few minutes. It can be  
dipped into molds. When cold a perfect  
jelly has formed, and it can be turned out  
of the molds. A woman came along with  
a load of pumpkins, which she offered for  
sale at a nickel apiece. Two sweet ones  
were purchased, and one was soon upon  
the stove cooking, and allowed to sim-  
mer until quite dry. It would not be  
"Thanksgiving" without pumpkin pies.

When staved it was put through a re-  
volvin' sieve, and eggs, milk, ginger, su-  
gar and New Orleans molasses or Florida  
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